Selected Story.

Uncle Jedediah.

"There's no use talking. Uncle Jedediah was never known to help any-Uncle body!" said Phiney Metz, despondently.

"But we might ask him. That wouldn't cost anything," said her sister Tilda, who sat on the table swinging her pretty, shabby little feet to and fro in a perplexed fashion.

Josephine and Matilda—those were dosephine and Matina—those were the real names of these brown-faced, sturdy lassies, who were trying hard to battle in the hard uncompro-mising world. Old Mr. Metz was dead; the Metz farm had passed into other hands and all the distant relatives had made up their minds that Phiney and Tilda were really no business of theirs.

There was only one pound in the slender purse which belonged to their joint firm, and something, they felt, must be done. And so their thoughts reverted to an ancient granduncle, one Jedediah Jackson, who had gone to Harperville and there vegetated in a dim old jewelry shop, where he mended watches, replated whiteware and repaired damaged spectacles for all the old gentlemen and ladies in the neigh-

To Uncle Jedediah they went. He viewed them with lack-lustre eyes, with a magnifying glass in one hand and a chamois leather in the other.

"Eh?" said he, "my niece Mary's daughters? It seems to me that I do remember something about her dying and there being a lawsuit about the farm. Father gone, too, eh? Well, well, this is a world of changes."

"If you could find something for us to do, Uncle Jedediah," faintly began

"There's always something for people to do in this world. At least that's my experience. Take off your bonnets, girls. You are welcome to a home here, such as it is," he said.

Uncle Jedediah was very kind in an odd, absent-minded way, to his grandnieces. He obtained a place as a shopgirl for Phiney and kept Tilda at home as housekeeper and general factotumand the fresh, rosy country girl lost never a shade of bloom in the quaint city home.

Two leafy trees whispered over the bow-window where hung the watches and eye-glasses, and just opposite the door a singular depression in the pave-ment held the light July rains long af-ter they had dried away from the other

"Uncle Jedediah, why don't you have that place filled up?" said Phiney. And she looked despairingly at the little shoe splashed with wet which she had unguardedly placed in the treacherous pool.

"My dear, I have, but the pavement settles again. It's the site of an old well that used to be here long before the houses were built," answered the old man.

Phinney looked up and down the quiet, elm-shaded street. Was it possible that a farm-house well once bubbled up here, that cool plantain leaves carpeted the ground, and that thirsty children came here to drink?

"It can't be healthy," said Tilda.
"It ain't unhealthy that I ever found out, said Uncle Jedediah, searching among a drawer full of tiny screws for some desired variety of spiral.

The next morning was Sunday. All the simple household slept an hour or so later on this day of rest, as a general thing, so that the sun was shining through the shutter cracks of the little shop when Phiney came to call her uncle to breakfast. But to her sur-prise the faded moreen lounge upon which he usually slept was empty: he sat in an arm-chair near the flickering gaslight—which shone so yellow and murky in contrast with the golden morning beams — bending over his

"Uncle Jedediah! didn't you know that it was Sunday?" cried Phiney, in

But Uncle Jedediah did not answer her. He never spoke a word more in this world. He was quite dead.

"Eighty odd years old. What can you expect? People are not born immortal now-a-days. And such a nice little business he had. Dear, dear! there wasn't a man near could repair a

watch as he could!" said the neighbors. The place, the property and all were left to windfall, for Uncle Jedediah had always been an honest, hard-working

"What are we to do?" said Tilda. "We can't carry on the business of repairing jewelry," said Phiney. Old Major Deeply suggested that the

place be sold. Alderman Doublechin intimated that the city might perhaps pay a fair price for the place as a site for a hospital. Mr. Chippendale offered £1,000 for the right to transform it into a dry goods emporium.

But while the girls were considering

these various offers a strange thing came to pass. Matilda came down to breakfast one morning with a troubled

"Phiney, I have had such a dreadful dream," said she.
"Oh, Tilda, dear, so have I!" ex-

claimed Josephine.
"Uncle Jedediah!" gasped Tilda.

"Yes, Uncle Jedediah. Looking at me as pale as death and trying to tell me something, only no sound issued from his lips," said Phiney. "Uncle Jedediah with a little rusty

old pickaxe, trying to dig up the paving stones over the old well, said Tilda. "What do you suppose it means,

Tilda?" asked her sister. "Oh, dear, I don't know," cried Tilda, wringing her hands, "but I shall not rest quietly until we have the old well

Major Deeply laughed scornfully.

Alderman Doublechin intimated that he had no patience with superstition. Mr. Chippendale sniffed and wished piously that the dear young ladies might have an opportunity to talk with the dear old friend, the Rev. Silas Sap-

per, on the subject of disembodied spirits.
But Phiney and Tilda, in nowise dismayed, summoned two or three stalwart men and set them to digging, and they dug steadily for nearly balf a day.

"I told you so; nothing but stones and rusty iron," said Major Deeply. "What else should there be?" remarked Alderman Doublechin, with contempt.

giants, whose head had long ago disappeared below the level of the pavement; "here's an old iron kettle soldered up as tight as a brick-bat! RHEUMATISM, backache, crick, sore muscles, quickly go when a Hop Plassoldered up as tight as a brick-bat!

And it's as heavy as if it was weighted with lead. Look alive, up there! There you are!"

It was the old fairy story over again. A pot of buried treasure—the savings of Uncle Jedediah's life-time—hidden in the dried-up well.

They excavated the whole front of the store, but found nothing else except mold and creeping beetles, and the next week they commenced the work of tearing down the ancient structure, from which, phonix-like, a dry goods

emporium was about to rise. There was not much money in the old iron pot after all-only about one hundred pounds in old silver coins. But that, with the price paid to our two heroines by the Emporium Company,

made them independent.

They went back to the little country village and bought back the homestead. settling quietly down there for life, to the great delight of all the relations, who, if their own testimony could be believed, had not experienced a happy moment since Matilda and Josephine had gone away.

And when they married-as marry, of course, they did-and entered in the sweet kingdom of homes of their own they never forgot good Uncle Jedediah. And their little ones, begging for fairy stories in the dusk, would always say: "Mamma, please begin with the one about Uncle Jedediah's buried treasure, because it is a real fairy story."

"Don't You Worry."

HOW SHREWD BUSINESS MEN HAVE SOLVED A GREAT PROBLEM.

"Is there a fatality among our prominent men?" is a question that we often ask. It is a question that perplexes our leading medical men, and they are at a loss to know how to an-

We sometimes think that if the physicians would give part of the energy to the consideration of this question that they give to combating other schools of practice it might be satis-

factorily answered.

The fights of "isms" reminds us often of the quarrels of old Indian tribes that were only happy when they were annihilating each other.

If allopathy makes a discovery that promises good to the race homeopathy derides it and breaks down its influence. If homeopathy makes a discovery that promises to be a boon to the race allopathy attacks it.

It is absurd that these schools should

fancy that all of good is in their methods and none in any other.

Fortunately for the people, the merit which these "isms" will not recognize is recognized by the public, and this public recognition, taking the form of a demand upon the medical profession,

eventually compels it to recognize it.

Is it possible that the question has been answered by shrewd business men? A prominent man once said to an inquirer, who asked him how he got rich, "I got rich because I did things while other people were thinking about doing them." It seems to us that the public have recognized what this fatality is, and how it can be met, while the medical profession have

has the least development of kidney disorder), because they find that sixty out of every hundred in this country do, either directly or indirectly, suffer from kidney disease. Hence no re-liable company will insure a man except after a rigid urinary examination.

This reminds us of a little instance which occurred a short time ago. A fellow-editor was an applicant for a respectable amount of insurance. He was rejected on examination because, unknown to himself, his kidneys were diseased. The shrewd agent, however, did not give up the case. He had an eye to business and to his commission, and he said: "Don't you worry: you get a half dozen bottles of Warner's safe cure—all dealers keep it—take it according to directions and in about a month come around, and we will have another examination. I know you will find yourself all right and will get your

The editor expressed surprise at the agent's faith, but the latter replied: "This point is a valuable one. Very many insurance agents all over the country, when they find a customer rejected for this cause, give similar advice, and eventually he gets the insurance.

What are we to infer from such circumstances? Have shrewd insurance men, as well as other shrewd business men, found the secret answer to the inquiry? Is it possible that our columns have been proclaiming, in the form of advertisements, what has proved a blessing in disguise to millions, and yet by many ignored as an advertisement?

In our files we find thousands of strong testimonials for Warner's safe cure, no two alike, which could not exist except upon a basis of truth: indeed, they are published under a guarantee of \$5,000 to any one who will disprove their correctness, and this offer has been standing, we are told,

for more than four years. Undoubtedly this article, which is simply dealing out justice, will be considered as an advertisement and be rejected by many as such.

We have not space nor time to discuss the proposition that a poor thing could not succeed to the extent that this great remedy has succeeded, could not become so popular without merit, even pushed by a Vanderbilt or an Astor.

Hence we take the liberty of telling our friends that it is a duty they owe to themselves to investigate the matter and reflect carefully, for the statements published are subject to the refutation of the entire world. None have refuted them; on the contrary, hundreds of thousands have believed them and proved them true, and in believing have found the highest measure of satisfaction, that which money cannot buy and money cannot take away.

REPORT says that Mr. J. H. Shults believes in keeping the trotting in-stinct alive in his brood mares, and has arranged a place to have them worked and speeded during the winter season. The fastest trotters that the world has ever seen were from dams that did not wear harness during the period of ges-"The theory of my dear friend, the Rev. Mr. Sapper," began Mr. Chippendale, "has always been that "— and carefully speeded during that "Hallo!" cried one of the red-shirted giants, whose hand had been should be the red-shirted time.—American Cultivator.

Adbertisements.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Without injurious medication.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., Ellis Worms, gives sleep, and promotes direction.

THE CENTAUB COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

JOHNSON'S FOR INTERNAL USE.

tery, Chronic Diarrhoza, Edney
Troubles, and
Spinal Diseases,
We will send free,
postpaid, to all
who send their
names, an Illustrated Pamphlet
All who buy or order direct from 1

MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY



VERMONT FARM MACHINE CO., Bellows Falls, Vermont.



been wrangling about it.

By a careful examination of insurance reports we find that there has been a sharp reform with reference to examinations (and that no man can now get any amount of insurance who has the least development of kidney.

head clean, cool, healthy and the from manning, the process of an another the who have treed it. They all epeak of an the highest terms, it being of so much merit.

MRS. N. E. RHODES, it court street, Scollay square, Boston, Mass.

ACNE, PIMPLES AND BLOTCHES ON THE FACE,—My wite has employed good physicans. Got no benefit. "Capit.Lakis" thoroughly cured her, leaving the skin clear and smooth.

A WONDERFUL PRODUCTION; a great public benefit. I use it and recommend it. Use my name all you please in its behalf.

PERSONAL USE OF T. HILL MANSFIELD'S "CAPILLARIS" convinces me it does all that is claimed for it.

"CAPILLARIS" ISAN ARTICLE OF SUPERIOR MERING. N. D., Deering Hospital, Deering, Me.

"CAPILLARIS" ISAN ARTICLE OF SUPERIOR MERING. N. ORCROSS, San Jose, Cal.

SALT RHEUM. Doctoring eighteen years. So relief. Two jars

DR. G. S. GREEN'S

Blood Purifier SU

Nerve Tonic

LEADS the WORLD

Cure for Scrofula, Scrofulous Swellings, &c.

Read the following Sworn Statement of a

Remarkable Case:

Bernarkable Case:

Dr. G. S. Green & Company:—I take pleasure in recommending your BLOOD PURIFIER and NERVE TONIC. In August 1885, I began taking it for Serothous Swelled Nock. At the time I could not bend my neck or move my head, and was mable to wear a collar owing to the size of my neck. Now my meek is well and natural in size. I used five bottles in about seven months time. Had been treated for it previously by physicians to no effect.

MARIA O. MARSH.

STATE OF VERMONT, Co. 88.

At Greenabozo, this 30th day of August, 1886, personally appeared before me Maria O. Marsh, a person well known to me and entitled to credit, and made oath to the statement above subscribed to by lier. Before me,

W. W. GOSS.

Justice of the Peace.

Price per Bottle \$1.00 Six Bottles 5.00

Give it a Trial and it Will Do You Good. DR. G. S. GREEN & CO., SOLE PROPRIETORS.

Enosburgh Falls, Vt., U.S. A. Sold by all Montpelier Druggists.

PATENTS!

R. H. EDDY, No. 76 State St., opposite Kilby St., Boston. Secures Patents in the United States; also in Great Britain, France and other foreign countries. Copies of the claims of any Patent Turnished by remitting one dollar. Assignments recorded at Washington. No Agency in the United States possesses superior facilities for estiming Patents or acceptanting the patentions.

R. W. Kulty, Solicity of Patents of Acceptance of Patents of States.

R. H. EDDY, Selicitor of Patents. TESTIMONIALS.

"I regard Mr. Eddy as one of the most capable and successful practitioners with whom I have had official intercourse." CHAS. MASON. Commissioner of Patents." "Inventors cannot employ a person more trust-worthy or more capable of securing for them an early and favorable consideration at the Patent Office. "EDMUND BURKE, late Commissioner of Patents."

"EDMUND BURKE, late Commissioner of Patents."

"R. H. Eddy, Esq.: Dear Sir.—You procured for me, in 1846, my first patent. Since then you have acted for and advised me in hundreds of cases and procured many patents, reissues and extensions. I have occasionally employed the best agencies in New York, Philadelphia and Washington, but I still give you almost the whole of my business, in your line, and advise others to employ you.

Yours truly.

Boston, January 1, 1887.

"Boston, January 1, 1887.

NOTICE.

The undersigned is desirous of seiling the Woolen Mill or Factory at North Calais (No. le). Said mill stands at the outlet of two ponds. The lower poind covers one hundred fifty acres; upper, one hundred seventy acres. The ponds are forty rods apart, with stone dams and never-failing water. Said mill is thirty by forty feet in size, three stories high with six looms four narrow looms and two broad looms), two custom-carding machines (good run, one factory set of machines, two fulling mills, one spinning jack, and all other machinery in good running order. Immediate passession given. Terms gasy.

North Calais, Vt.

THE CREAT

German Remedy. TRUTHS FOR THE SICK. For those deathly \$1,000 will be paid flows Spellsdepend for a case where SUL-SULTHUR BITTERS will cure you. Do you sufer with never falls.

Do you suffer with that tired and all gone Cleanse the vitiate

blood when you see its impurities burst- ing through the skin
in Pimples, Blotches, and Sores. Rely on Screener Birriers and health will follow.
SULPHUR BITTERS will cure Liver Com- plaint. Don't be dis- couraged; it will cure you.
SULPHUR BITTERS will build you up and make you strong and healthy.
SULPHUR BITTERS will make your blood pure, rich and strong, and your flesh hard.
Try SULPHUR BIT- TERS to night, and you will sleep well and feel better for it.

Do you want the best Medical Work published? Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. ORDWAY & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy, free.



Agents wanted throughout New England. This Harrow will be sold, or sent on trial on its merit, and with the express understanding that it is Superior to any Harrow of its kind were produced. For all purposes it is the Harrow to own.

BEST CORN PLANTER

Fertilizer Attachment, Made. Apents wasted. Get circulars of our Mower, Hay Todor, Hay Rake, Hay Forks, etc. Goo. Tyler & Co., 43 South Market Street, Boston, Mass. Send for Circulars.

We are wanting a large force of Smart and Intelligent Men to travel and solicit or-ders for Trees, Shrubs, Vines, etc. Salary and Expenses to Start on. S. T. CANNON & CO., Augusta, Maine.

WANTED.

Moral and Religious.

Written for the Watchman. Recompensed.

BY LAURA BRIGHAM BOYCE. Sometime-how long or short the Lord knows best-In the swift cycle of the coming years, These hands shall lie still, folded on the breast, Throbbing no more with earthly hopes or fears

The dreams, the passions that oft thrill as now. And longings that are near akin to pain, Then stilled forever, and the care-lined brow The kiss of death shall smooth to youth again

When all the weary toll with which we wrought At our life's work, undaunted by defeat, Falls from the nerveless grasp, the goal we sought All unattained, our work all incomplete;

Count not God's plan defeated in the life He gave to us, nor all our toil in vain secause we are not victors in the strife; Who bravely fights and nobly bears his pain,

Wrests victory from defeat. Not what we win But what we strice for, doth the Master beed; If what we sought to be we have not been, Our striving may have belped another's need.

What though the web our hands shall leave under Be tangled, and its pattern feebly wrought? If it be finished by some stronger one, The stronger soul may win the goal we sought.

What though we grope and stumble in the way— The thorny way, by which our feet are led? Yet strive to walk uprightly and to lay Foundation firm for other feet to tread. If by our toil another's feet may rise
And climb the starry heights we fain would gain,

Into a purer air and clearer skies,

Surely our work shall not have been in vain. What matters it though we shall one by one. Through the swift cycles of the coming years, Fail out the ranks and leave our work undone? Some soul shall reap what we have sown in tears.

-The Faith of Little Hans.

A fierce wind came sweeping around

the corner of Pennsylvania avenue one morning in the winter of 1884. Down the deserted street it rushed, whirling the freshly-fallen snow into light heaps, then scattering it madly in every direc-tion. Against this storm a young woman was making what progress she could toward the post-office department. A pair of dark eyes and a pink nose were all that was visible above her wrap-pings. "I must hurry," she thought, as she glanced up at the great clock, and in a few minutes she was at her desk in the dead letter office. Her work was to open and read all the let-ters whose destination could not be found from the envelope, and whose contents often revealed the desired ad-dress. What a motly pile it was that lay before her! Here was one from a broken-hearted father begging a wayward son to come home and telling him that his voice and smile alone could remove the gentle melancholy that had settled upon the dear old mother. Here was another, from some queer old gentleman, full of the small talk and scandal of his own village, and touching upon political scandal then rife in the city where his letter had found lodgment. There were letters full of the vivacity of the school-girl; letters full of the burning love of the college boy; letters whose prim, upright hand and gossipy nature suggested spinsterhood; letters to convulse you with laughter and letters that would give you the heart-ache. Yet, strange to say, not one of these eager correspondents had taken the pains to write the correct address on the envelope that contained so much that seemed to be of the greatest importance. Perhaps they were too much absorbed in what they had said from their hearts to take thought for the formal writing on the outside. The young clerk had worked her way down through a large heap, and was beginning to think of lunch, when she came upon a peculiar little envelope addressed in German to "Jesus in Heaven." She tore it open hastily, and found a soiled sheet written all over in a child's cramped hand. Some of the words seemed blurred with tears, and she could scarcely make them out. Here is the translation:

out. Here is the translation:

Dear Jesus: I have prayed so hard to you, but I guess you could not hear me so far off, so I am going to write you a letter. We came over a big ocean when it was summertime. My mamma has been taken sick all the time. Can't you send her something to make her well? And, dear Jesus, please send my papa some work to do, so he can buy us some warm clothes and something to eat, and please do it quick, for we are cold and hungry. Nobody knows I am writing to you. I thought you might send us something for a surprise. My hands are so cold I can't write very well.

Katrina's eves were filled with tears as Katrina's eyes were filled with tears as she came to the end. She sat for some time with the letter in her hand. As she folded it she resolved to do something to make the little boy happy. She said: "Whatever his parents may be, this beautiful child-faith must not be de-stroyed." That evening, after dinner, she told several of her friends about matter, and they were eager to help make up a box. It was ready in a days. There were some flannels the mother and little Hans, comfortclothes for the father and toys ugh to make the boy believe that Christ-child did not live in Germany y. At the very top lay a crisp ten-lar bill. As soon as the box left the se Katrina wrote a letter to Hans. told him his letter had been reed, and that Jesus had sent one of servants on earth to help him, and a nice box was on its way out Not long after there came a er of warm thanks from the father. explained how they had been in the country but a few months, and had not yet found work. As the weeks went another and another letter came, telling of fairer prospects and brighter days. One thing they assured Katrina, that they could never forget her kind letter and generous help in their time of saddest need .- Harper's Young Peo-

IMPORTANT to all who are willing to work for the reward of success. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will mail you free full particulars about work that either sex, young or old, can do, at a profit of from \$5 to \$25 per day and upwards, and live at home, wherever they are located. All can do the work. Capital not required. Hallett & Co. will start you. Grand success absolutely sure. Write at once and see.

DECISION of character is the eloquence of life .- W. M. Taylor, D.D.

THOMAS CARLYLE, the great Scotch author, suffered all his life with dyspepsia, which made his own life miserable and caused his best and truest friends not a little pain because of his fretfulness. Dyspepsia generally arises from disease of the liver, and as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" cures all diseases of this great gland, it follows that while all cannot be Carlyles, even with dyspepsia, all can be free from the malady, while emulating his virtues.

Advertisements.



disease, but simply Constitution and the disor-ders that are dependent upon it. This is not an irritating cathartic, but a true tonic, which never disturbs the stomach or leaves the bowels constinated. The worst cases of Constipation can be cured by the regular and persistent use of these pills. After a reasonable longth of time the dose can be dimin-ished. In this most important particular the Ruby Pill differs from all other cathartics. It is especially valuable for children and invalids

RUBY LIVER PARVULES

will remove all functional disorders of the Liver; make the Head clear; prevent Sick Headache ank Indigestion and improve the Complexion.

Price of each, twenty five cents per bottle. For sale
by all druggists and by the trade generally.

GEO. C. GOODWIN. Boston, General Agents.

Scrofula

Is one of the most fatal scourges which afflict mankind. It is often inherited, but may be the result of approper vaccination, mercurial potsoning, uncleanliness, and various other causes. Chronic Sores, Ulcers, Abscesses, Cancerous Humors. and, in some cases, Emaciation, and Consumption, result from a scrofulous condition of the blood. This disease can be cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

I inherited a scrofulous condition of the blood, which caused a derangement of my whole system. After taking less than four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla I am

Entirely Cured

and, for the past year, have not found it necessary to use any medicine whatever. I am now in better health, and stronger, than ever before, —O. A. Willard, 218 Tremont st., Boston, Mass.

I was troubled with Scrofulous Sores for five years; but, after using a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the sores healed, and I have now good health.— Elizabeth Warnock, 54 Appleton street, Lowell, Mass.

Some months ago I was troubled with Scrofulous Sores on my leg. The limb was badly swollen and inflamed, and the sores discharged large quantities of offensive matter. Every remedy failed, until I used Aver's Sarsaparilla. By taking three bottles of this medicine the sores have been entirely healed, and my health is fully restored. I am grateful for the good this medicine has done me.—Mrs. Ann O'Brian, 158 Sullivan st., New York.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1, six bottler, \$5.



confress of attermediate cities, twoms and villagos.

The Creat Rock Island Route
inarantess Speed, Comfort and Safety to those who
may notes Speed, Comfort and Safety to those who
may note the second of the seco

The Famous Albert Lea Route The Famous Albert Lea Route
is the direct, favorise line between Chicago and Minneapolis and 8t. Paul. Over this roue solid Fast Express
frains run drily to the summer resorts, picturesque
localities and hinting and fishing grounds of lowa and
Minnesota. The rich wheat fields and grasting lands of
interior bakota are reached via Watertown. A short,
desirable route, via Sancea and Kankakee, offers superior inducements to travelers between Cincinnat, Indiangelis, Lafayelfe and Council Haids, St. Joseph,
Atchison, Leavenworth, Rouse Life Jances of patrons,
pacefaily families, ladies and children, receive from
officials and employee of Rock Island trains protection,
te-perficie couriesy and kindly treatment.
For Tickets, Maps, Folders—obtainable at all principal
Ticks to Offices in the United States and Canada—or say
desired information, address.

R. R. CARLE. E. S. J.JOHN, E. A. HOLBROOK,

desired information, address,
R. R. CABLE. E. ST. JOHN,
Proc'ts Gen'l M'gy. Assider' M'gy. GENCAGO.

CHICAGO.



M. K. PAINE, Windsor, Vt., U. S. A.,

A Practical Apothecary who has been actively engaged in the preparation of medicines since 1848. PRICE - 81.00 per bottle; six bottles for \$5.00. Sold by all Druggists.

A. G. FISHER, General Western Agent.

5] Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

THE ' NORMAL SCHOOL

Teaches the Science ILLUSTRATES THE ART OF TEACHING.

GRADUATES-Teaching in schools of every grade and adorning every profession and occupation. NSTRUCTORS-Experienced and skillful. STUDENTS-Mature and acholarly.

FACILITIES GOOD. PRICES LOW. SEND FOR A CIRCULAR. EDWARD CONANT, Principal.

RANDOLPH, VT. When I say cure I so not mean mately to stop them for a time and them have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have small the disease of FITS. FITLARY OF PALLING SICKNESS a life inner study. It warrant my cement to care the worst cases. Become cities have failed is no reason for not now exceeding ours. Send at cook for a treatise and a Free listic of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Foatoffies, it costs you nothing for a vival, and i will cure you. Address Un. 10. HOUT, 182 Pearl St., New York.

Farm Property for Sale.

The estate of the late Dr. J. B. Smith, in North-neld near the Center Village, consisting of about forty acres of land with two-story brick house and farm buildings, is offered for sale. The land will be divided, if desired. Also a two-tenement bouse adjacent. O. D. EDGRETON, Administrator.